The Semi-Weekly Tribune.

IRA L. BARE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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A LEADING democrat of the east says "we must continue to hope," and the Inter Ocean pertly remarks that is about all there is in sight.

A BILL is now before the Georgia legislature making usury a felony when over eighteen per cent per annum is charged. This would indicate that they have money sharks in Georgia as well as elsewhere.

IT IS an ill wind that blows nobody good. The partial failure of the wheat crop in Russia and the Argentine Republic is certain to cause at least a slight advance in the price of that cereal in this country. The price can advance several points and still be too low for the small farmer to produce it at a profit.

DURING the past four months over 15,000,000 bushels of corn have been shipped across the Atlantic, which is evidence that the long sought for foreign market for our corn is being opened. The demand for American corn will undoubtedly increase rapidly from this time forward, and will tend to advance the price of that grain in the home market.

THE output of gold in Alaska for the current year is estimated at three million dollars, and the amount produced will increase each year as the new fields are developed. Alaska cost the United States $7,200,000 and it has proven the best investment this country ever made. It is not to be wondered that John Bull is anxious for a slice of that territory; but he will not get it.

[redacted]

Custer county populists. The friends of Hiatt, who seem to be the controlling influence in pop politics in this county, have already decreed that W. L. Green will be nominated to succeed Kem, and the governor will be none to soon if he starts his boom at once to conteract the Green movement.—Broken Bow Republican.

IN these days of cheap metropolitan newspapers, almost every laboring man can afford to have his daily. The Chicago Inter Ocean, one of the largest and best republican newspapers in the United States is now furnished to subscribers outside of the city for four dollars per year without the Sunday edition, or six dollars with the Sunday. The latter edition frequently comprises forty pages, and the matter contained therein is ably edited.

THE New York Sun does not approve of congressman David Mercer's plan for another military school in this country, to be located at Omaha. It says: "The proposal of congressman Mercer of Nebraska to introduce a bill for the establishment of a second military academy out west seems hardly to be based on a crying need. West Point is already turning out quite enough graduates for all vacancies in the army and there are not enough left now for the enlisted men who have passed examinations for commissions. Why a second academy should be established at old Fort Omaha, in Nebraska, is not clear. If any increase of accommodations were needed, they could better be made at West Point.

KENTUCKY and Maryland have at last become aware that it will not help industry within their borders to think one way and vote another. They have spurned the party whose ruinous policy was telling with such severity upon their industrial progress. What shall we expect from Louisiana and other Southern States where the Free-Trade legislation of the Democratic party has been so prolific of disaster? In the past two years the sugar interests of Louisiana have been practically destroyed and the iron industry of Alabama severely paralyzed. Will these states continue to uphold the party that impoverishes them? Or will they, in 1896, follow the example of Kentucky and Maryland?.—American Economist.

CRISSCROSS LOVE.

By GRANT ALLEN.

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[CONTINUED FROM FRIDAY.]

CHAPTER IV.

At Port Said meanwhile Aggie was sitting on deck with that delightful young man who came on board at Brindisi. He was tall and slight and had a straw colored mustache. Aggie had always had a sneaking fancy for straw color. And besides he was a soldier and aid-de-camp to the lieutenant governor of somewhere up country. (Aggie's Indian geography was as deliciously vague as an Indian secretary's, and "somewhere up country" was about as definite to her as any particular name of any particular district. She regarded all India, indeed, as naturally divided into two main parts—the part where Phil was stationed and the part where he wasn't. Further than that she never tried to go. When people on board talked to her glibly of the Punjab, or the Central Provinces, Saharanpur, or Muzaffargarh, she nodded and smiled benign acquiescence, glossing over her ignorance with the charm of her manner.)

Aggie and the handsome young man got on together admirably. He was a certain Captain Angus Stuart—conjectured from his name to be of Scotch extraction—and he had fallen a victim to Aggie's fluffy hair the very first moment he ever set eyes on her. Indeed he had talked to her for half an hour on deck in Brindisi harbor and been desolated to learn by that time that she was not only engaged, but actually going out to India to get married. Nay, he even reflected with a certain bland pleasure at that early stage of their brief acquaintance that there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip and that people who go out to India to get married don't always persevere in their prime intention when they see their beloved in his Indian avatar. Had it not been for that slight hope Captain Stuart would have avoided talking to Aggie altogether, for being a Scotchman he was of course both prudent and superstitious, and he felt the very instant he began to talk to her that here at last was his undoubted affinity.

If you have ever lain at anchor in Brindisi harbor, or ever made a trip from thence by P. and O. to Port Said, you will be well aware that there's nothing for a sensible man to do with his time as he skirts the shadowy coast of Crete but to make love to some fit and proper person. Now Angus Stuart was a most sensible man, and though he had too great a respect for vested interests exactly to make love to another fellow's affianced bride on her way out to Bombay to join her future husband, yet it must be candidly admitted by an impartial historian that he sailed very close to the wind indeed in that respect and made himself remarkably agreeable to Aggie. She had a chaperon, of course. No well conducted young woman could trust herself to the Mediterranean and the Indian ocean without the services of a chaperon, but what's the use of that indispensable article in every young lady's wardrobe, I venture to ask, if it persists in being seasick and sticking to its berth the whole way out from London to Aden? The consequence was that Aggie and Captain Stuart were thrown a great deal together during the course of their voyage. When Aggie sang to the Peninsular and Oriental piano in the big saloon, it was Angus Stuart who turned over the leaves of her music book. When Aggie sat on deck and declined lunch with thanks, for pressing reasons, it was Angus Stuart who brought her up the unsugared lemonade and one dry biscuit which alone appealed to her maritime appetite. Old ladies on board remarked with malicious glee what a pity it was poor dear Mrs. Mackinnon wasn't well enough to come up and look after her charge. Old gentlemen observed with a knowing smile that Miss Oswald was going out to be married at Bombay, but they rather imagined she'd mistaken the bridegroom.

Aggie and Angus Stuart, however, went on happily unconscious of the unkind remarks whispered about them in confidence in the saloon at night when they two engaged in admiring on deck the phosphorescence on the waves or the very singular brilliancy of the tropical moonlight.

On one such evening, in the Red sea, they stood together by the taffrail with one accord and looked over in unison into the deep white water. There was silence for awhile. Then Stuart spoke abruptly.

"You haven't seen him for five years," he said meditatively, without anything special to indicate the personality of the him in question. "That's a very long time, you know, Miss Oswald. At your age and his in five years people often alter wonderfully." (Being himself just 30, and square built at that, Angus Stuart affected always to speak to Aggie in the character of a grandfather.)

"Oh, I hope not!" Aggie cried fervently, with a little shudder of alarm, for, to say the truth, her new friend had just voiced the very terror that was perpetually consuming her. "It's only five years, you know, and we were awfully fond of each other!"

"'Were,'" Angus Stuart answered, with a quiet smile. "You say 'were' yourself. That doesn't quite look as if you were desperately in love with him just at present, does it?" And he smiled at her wisely.

A prudent maiden would have diverted conversation. But Aggie hesitated and temporized.

"Well, five years is a very long time," she admitted, with a slight sigh, "and of course one naturally wonders whether a person will really strike one now exactly as he struck one five whole long years ago."

"Precisely!" Angus answered and dropped the subject. He went on to remark on the beauty of the phosphorescence that sparkled and danced upon the surface of the water. They leaned over to look at it once more together. Lovely object, phosphorescence on the surface of the water, especially when you look over at it, two persons together! In point of fact, they stopped up looking at it, in that balmy southern air, till almost midnight, and only retired to their respective berths just in time for saving the last end of the lights before they were ruthlessly put out for the evening. The old ladies on board shook their heads next day and observed to one another with scandalized faces that the sooner Miss Oswald got safe to Bombay the better for her lover.

CHAPTER V.

At Bombay meanwhile Phil Gilman was—eating out his heart with suspense? Oh, dear, no! He was having an exceedingly pleasant time with Freda Trevelyan. The one drawback to his pleasure—oh, faithlessness of man!—was the thought that his Aggie would so soon come out and spoil it all for him.

Freda and he got on admirably together. To say the truth, she was far better fitted for him by nature than Aggie Oswald. He saw it clearly himself now. There was no good denying it. Aggie and he had been thrown together before they knew their own minds, and, what was more important still, before their characters had fully developed. They were not fitted by real tastes and instincts for one another. Aggie was a dear little girl, of course, very pretty and dainty and with lovely fluffy hair, but was she quite the sort of woman with whom a man of his type would care to pass a whole long lifetime? Wasn't she better adapted, after all, by tastes and habits, for a cavalry officer? Whereas Freda Trevelyan now had a mind and a soul. She was clever, well read, sympathetic, quickly perceptive. Her mind went out to his at once by instinct. She seemed to jump half way to meet every idea he advanced to her. He could almost have fallen in love with that beautiful woman if it were not for Aggie. But Phil Gilman was an honest man and had plighted his troth to Aggie Oswald. He wouldn't turn aside now—no, not for a hundred Fredas!

And yet,

And yet, isn't it better, he asked himself in his calmer moments, to change your mind before marriage than after it? Isn't it better to cry off, even at some present cost of pain and humiliation to the girl, than to tie her for life to a man who can give only part of his heart to her? Isn't it better to be miserable once for all in one's life than to be miserable always? These questions sometimes obtruded themselves painfully upon Phil's mind, but being an honest man, why, he waved them aside as transparent sophisms. Having once asked Aggie to come out and marry him, it would be cruel and wicked and selfish and unworthy to send her home again unwed. Come what might, as things now stood, he must do his best to avoid falling in love with Freda.

But the human heart is a wayward organ. It refuses to be disciplined by the brain or the conscience.

There was some excuse, you know, after all, for the apparent fickleness of these two young people. Their minds were in both cases filled full beforehand with the idea of marriage. They had nourished their souls for five long years with what the Scotch philosopher called "love in the abstract," and now, when love in the concrete seemed so near, so very near, neither had at hand the proper person upon whom to expend his or her affection. Besides, it may be unromantic and unconventional to confess the truth, but I believe it is a fact of human nature that when the feelings are very much roused, and the proper person isn't by to make love to, there's a considerable temptation to transfer the love to the first eligible recipient one happens to fall in with. I've found it so myself, and I throw myself upon the mercy of a jury of matrons. And in both these cases, as it happened, the first eligible person Phil or Aggie met was also one more fitted by nature for the vacant post than the old love could ever possibly have been. Phil felt uncomfortably aware that, though nothing on earth would induce him to make love to Freda Trevelyan, still, if he did yield to that dreadful temptation, he could have loved her a thousand times better by far than ever he could have loved poor fluffy haired Aggie. And Aggie in turn felt that, though it would be treason to think of Angus Stuart when she was actually on her way out to India to marry Phil Gilman, still, if things had gone otherwise, she could have loved that handsome soldier a thousand times better than ever she could love poor philosopher Phil, with his cut and dried deputy collectorship away somewhere up country!

They had both one consolation. Perhaps when Aggie turned up, after five years' development, she would no longer be the pretty little fluffy haired fairy he once admired, but a real live woman—something, don't you know, like Freda Trevelyan! Or perhaps when Phil turned up he would no longer be quite so sober and grave as of old. Five years of Indian life might have brightened and sharpened him up into something resembling Angus Stuart!

Not a very cheering frame of mind, I'm afraid, in which to approach the most solemn of all human engagements!

The Indus was telegraphed on in the ordinary course from Port Said, from Suez, from Aden. The night before she was due to arrive at Bombay, Phil Gilman and Freda Trevelyan sat long talking together. Freda's face was downcast. She was not glad to think that must be the last night, or almost the last night, they would spend together. Of course no well conducted girl would ever dream of falling in love with another woman's affianced bridegroom, but human nature is weak, and though we mayn't quite fall in love under such special circumstances we sometimes can't exactly help producing a very good imitation of the genuine article. And Freda Trevelyan certainly liked Phil Gilman exceedingly. He was so bright and so clever and so different from the other men she met at her uncle's. It was a lovely evening. I've observed lovely evenings are peculiarly dangerous. They sat long and talked together on the veranda alone. Sir Edward Moulton, most correct of men chaperons, thought there could be no possible harm in Freda's sitting out with that pleasant young Gilman the very night before the girl he was going to marry arrived from England. So they sat there and talked—and grew more and more confidential, till at last a faint tremor showed itself in Freda's voice, and even Phil was conscious of a feeling in his throat and a regretful moisture in his eye as he said "good night" to her.

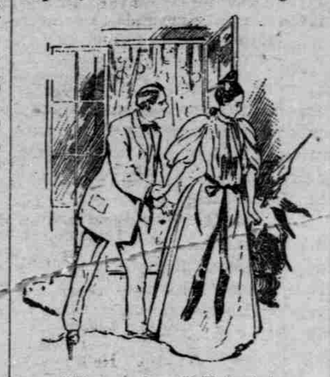
He paused and held her hand. "I could have wished"— he began.

Freda started back, half alarmed. "No, no, Mr. Gilman," she said, anticipating his words. "You may feel it, if you will, but you must not say it."

"Then you knew what I meant!" Phil cried, leaning eagerly forward.

Freda's bosom heaved and fell. "How could I help it?" she asked. "You must have felt I knew it."

Phil looked at her earnestly. "What ought I to do?" he asked. "You see how things stand. I loved her dearly once. Now—yes, I will speak the truth—I love some one else better. No, don't start away. I want you to advise me, to help me, to counsel me. Is it right of



"Then you knew!" Phil cried.

me, then, knowing and feeling all this, to marry her? Can I meet her tomorrow and pretend I love her as I loved her five years ago? Ought I not rather to make a clean breast of it from beginning to end and explain to her that my heart is no longer hers; that, as things stand, I ought not to marry her? Is it right to bind her to me for life when I no longer know whether or not I can make her happy? Oh, Miss Trevelyan—Freda—do counsel me, advise me!"

The beautiful girl held one hand up deprecatingly. "You mustn't call me so," she said in a very low voice. "It is unjust to her—and to me, Mr. Gilman, though perhaps if only"— She broke off suddenly. "But, indeed," she went on, after a deep pause, "I think it would be cruel to her to bring her to Bombay and then not marry her. You must do it now, at all hazards. Either way is bad—to marry a woman you no longer love, or to break the heart of a woman that loves you. But the last is infinitely worse than the first. You must go on with it now, whatever it costs you. It's too late to go back. You may ruin your life, but you save your honor."

"Well, but, Freda," Phil cried, with a very pleading voice, "wouldn't it just be possible"—

"You mustn't call me Freda," the beautiful woman said, with gentle firmness. "You should never have called me so. You must forget all about me. Take me back to my uncle. It is wrong of us to have stopped here so long together."

Phil stood off a little and looked at her.

"But we can always be friends," he said very slowly.

The woman in Freda rose up irresistibly for a second.

"Yes, we can always be friends," she answered, with a lingering cadence, then after a short pause, "though, after all, Mr. Gilman, that's poor consolation."

And the moment she'd said it womanly shame overcame her, and she rushed back, all blushes, into her uncle's drawing room.

But Phil Gilman lay half that live-long night, the night before Aggie was to arrive in India, thinking over to himself the evil turns of fate below and the curious tricks that fortune sometimes plays us. He knew now that Freda would have married him had he been free to marry her. She had as good as told him so in those few last words, but come what might he must marry Aggie. And so those two good young people, one in Bombay and one on the Indian ocean, were rightly prepared to make four lives unhappy that might all have gone straight, out of pure devotion to the cause of duty.

It had come down to duty now. They both frankly recognized it. Phil felt he could never do anything but marry Aggie after bringing her out all the way from England to meet him. Aggie felt she could never do anything but marry Phil after he had actually paid her passage money and arranged for her outfit. And both were prepared to go to their martyrdom with the best grace they could summon up for the sake of the other and the purely historical love they had once felt for another.

CHAPTER VI.

Next day was stormy, and when it's stormy at Bombay I can tell you it really is stormy. The Indus arrived in due course in the open bay, surf running very high. No surf in the world like the surf that beats upon Malabar point in heavy weather. The passengers were transferred to the little lighter boats which take people ashore from the ocean steamers. To Aggie, who had never been away from England before, the whole scene of the landing was peculiarly terrifying. The sight of the black boatmen, naked to the waist, all clamoring and jabbering in their unknown tongue; the high surf on which the little boats danced up and down like corks; the novelty of the situation; the painful feeling of parting from her fellow voyagers, with whom she had struck up a good many friendships on the way, and the horrid sense of being abandoned to the tender mercies of strangers in a strange land—all these things conspired to produce on her mind a terrible sinking of awe and terror. She looked around her helplessly. Mrs. Mackinnon, her chaperon, was to land in the same boat, but that fact, I will frankly confess, gave Aggie far less comfort than the other consideration that Angus Stuart was also to accompany them. Women are timorous creatures. They need the consolation of the opposite sex. Aggie didn't think she could ever have stepped into that dreadful boat, all dancing on the surf and with those strange black creatures shouting and gesticulating, without a man to take care of her, and if a man, then Angus Stuart by preference. She wasn't afraid of him, she said to herself, and she knew he would protect her against sea and savages, for as so many savages Aggie simply envisaged those good unsophisticated Bombay boatmen.

She hardly knew how she ever tumbled into that boat, but she tumbled in somehow, with Angus Stuart's aid, and sat cowering in the stern, while the spray dashed up against the sides in a surprising manner. In a very few minutes the boat was full and the boatmen began to get under weigh for the quay with strange cries and loud ejaculations. Aggie had never seen anything so terrific in her life, and though Angus assured her there wasn't the slightest danger—I'm afraid I must admit she sometimes thought of him as Angus in her own heart, though she was on her way out to marry Phil Gilman—she couldn't quite believe him. At each very big wave, she crouched nearer and nearer him.

"Oh, Captain Stuart," she cried at last, "do please hold my hand! I don't know what I shall ever do. We can't stop and get out? Oh, I am so frightened!"

The young man tried his best to assure her there was no danger, but Aggie was inconsolable. And indeed the surf was running very high and dangerous. Even the native boatmen looked ahead with evident apprehension. The waves broke over them once or twice and drenched them. It was dreadful to have crossed the Mediterranean and the Red sea in perfect safety and then to be tossed and bullied like this, well within sight of Bombay harbor. The nearer they got to shore the more appalling, of course, did the surf become. It's famous, that surf. It makes Malabar point itself almost uninhabitable at certain seasons. At last Aggie could suffer her alarm no longer. She shrank back with all a woman's appealing terror.

"Oh, do put your arm round me, Captain Stuart," she cried in pure feminine fear. "Whatever shall I do? I am so frightened!"

Just at that moment one of the boatmen missed his hold on the treacherous water, and of a sudden the lighter slued round, broadside to the waves, and all was up with them. Aggie clapped her hands to her ears. There was a sound of rushing water, a horrible sense of wetness and helplessness and terror, and next instant she was aware of a great salt flood rushing in at mouth and eyes and ears and nostrils. She was sinking to the bottom! They had capsized the boat! She was drowning!

Down, down, down, in that deep warm water! Even in the midst of her terror Aggie was dimly conscious of the fact that it was warm, not chilly. If you've got to be drowned, she thought to herself vaguely as she gasped and choked, it's better to be drowned in warm than cold water. Down, down, down, to very lowest depths, and then slowly up again! She reached the surface spluttering. Oh, great heavens, what waves, what surf, what large mountains of water! Aggie couldn't swim, but even if she could no swimmer, she felt sure, could ever live through those irresistible billows.

One of the black boatmen, more accustomed to such mishaps, made a desperate grab at her. Aggie, horrified at his dusky hands, wriggled aside and eluded him. She was going down a second time now. Even with the water in her ears and eyes and mouth she remembered to have read that if you go down three times all is up with you (a foolish superstition, which must only too often have worked out its own fulfillment). She gasped and struggled. All at once she thought to herself, "Oh, if only Captain Stuart could catch me!" And straightway, upon the thought, she felt two strong arms around her and was aware that Angus Stuart had come to her rescue.

What followed she hardly knew. To say the truth, the art of surf swimming is much simpler than it looks. If you try to breast the waves or even to go broadside on to them, all is up with you at once. You are tossed a helpless corpse on the beach in front of you. But if you merely rise on the crest and let the wave carry you with it landward you find yourself deposited gently ashore in an incredibly short space of time. All you have to do then is to run deftly out of reach before the force of the undertow

She forgot everything on earth.

begins to suck you back again. Angus Stuart, as it happened, was an adept in the art, and almost before Aggie quite realized what was actually happening he was standing with her on the sand, well out of reach of the waves, and holding her tight in her dripping clothes to prevent her from fainting.

As for Aggie, in that first flush of joy and relief at her delivery from such appalling and impending danger she forgot everything on earth except her sense of gratitude to her brave deliverer and clung to him passionately and covered him with kisses.

CHAPTER VII.

Phil was standing on the shore and witnessed with some little surprise and restraint this unrehearsed effect in a living drama. His own greeting of Aggie was perhaps a trifle less warm than might have been expected after five years' separation. But then, you see, it might be pleaded in extenuation that Aggie was wet, most painfully wet, and that Angus Stuart was quite obviously in possession. It was an awkward moment. However, after a short pause,

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 3.]